

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

Business Office... Editorial Office...

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION... DAILY and SUNDAY, One Year...

REPUBLICAN CLUB ANNUAL... The annual meeting of the Republican Club...

The weather today will be fair.

GEN. ALGER ATTACKED.

Until time shall develop the animus of the attack made upon General Alger...

CONVICT LABOR.

According to the views of the Knights of Labor as voiced by Mr. Powderly...

ANOTHER AMERICAN HEIRESS.

Another American heiress has become a pedagogue—a pedigree that extends back to the time of William the Conqueror...

IT SEEMS SINGULAR THAT ANY FRIENDS OF SECRETARY BLAINE...

It seems singular that any friends of Secretary Blaine should refuse to take that gentleman at his word...

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY BURROUGHS OF DETROIT...

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY BURROUGHS OF DETROIT has declared that the prosecution in the Considine case ought to be abandoned...

ONE OF PITTSBURGH'S JOKERS...

ONE OF PITTSBURGH'S JOKERS thought it would be funny to drop a hot penny down a little newsboy's back...

BRADSHAW OF SHIPPING.

It is with no sense of gratification that one reads that American freight vessels are becoming so rare on the waters that they are objects of curiosity...

MAX O'RAH.

MAX O'RAH says a parson is a person who makes strenuous efforts to make other people believe he is entitled to the position he occupies...

CARDINAL MANNING NEEDS NO GREATER MONUMENT...

CARDINAL MANNING needs no greater monument to speak of his broad character...

rights of our four trans-Atlantic merchant vessels. Such figures are appalling. With the Yan kee thrift and industry that characterizes the American in all their dealings on the land...

FOOLING THE CONGRESSMEN.

Next week congress, at the urgent invitation of Chicago, will visit that city as a body. The ostensible object of the invitation is to show congress the site of the great fair...

EDWIN TRAVERS, NOW THE DIRECTOR OF THE "PRIVATE SECRETARY."

Edwin Travers, now the director of the "Private Secretary," will be remembered in Grand Rapids for the hit he made as Capt. Redwood...

HELD FOR PERJURY.

Mrs. Osborne Formally Committed for Trial at London. LONDON, Feb. 12.—Mrs. Osborne, charged with perjury in connection with the theft of the Hargreaves jewels...

REPUBLICAN LEAGUERS BANQUET.

Feasting in Honor of Lincoln's Birthday. Disappointed in Speakers. COLUMBUS, Ohio, Feb. 12.—The state league of republican clubs closed its annual convention this evening with a banquet in celebration of Lincoln's birthday...

FORGOT TO PAY THEIR TAX.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Feb. 12.—That part of the Cincinnati, Wash & Michigan railroad lying in this county has been purchased by a syndicate of Greensburg capitalists at a dividend of 25 per cent...

y, his tender humanity, and his perfect unselfishness, than the knowledge that of his once immense fortune he had possessed of only five hundred dollars.

DEMOCRATS ARE VERY DISAPPOINTED.

ver the maiden speech of Senator Almer, many of them claiming it was more like a stump speech than a senate oration.

YOUNG BLAINE WILL ALLOW HIS WIFE TO SECURE A DECREE OF DIVORCE.

Under the circumstances he could not do less, and she could not desire more.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR RECIPROcity IN TRADE RELATIONS BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES WERE FORMALLY OPENED IN WASHINGTON YESTERDAY.

GENERAL ALGER could scarcely hope for a better recommendation than to be attacked by the New York Sun.

AMUSEMENTS.

"POWERS"—"The Private Secretary."

The quaint and clean comedy so well known to Grand Rapids theater-goers was reproduced at this theater last night before a very appreciative audience.

GENERAL MENTION.

Edwin Travers, now the director of the "Private Secretary," will be remembered in Grand Rapids for the hit he made as Capt. Redwood...

TODAY WILL BE THE LAST CHANCE TO SEE "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

A circus in a theater is a novelty in Grand Rapids.

THE SAW MILL SCENE IN "BLUE JEANS."

A play that was given in New York last winter for 200 consecutive nights, is a turning point in the play, but it is not a scene around which a play has been written.

THEY ARE ALL GUESSING ON THE NEW COMEDY "777."

They are all guessing on the new comedy "777" which will be current at Redmond's next week, beginning Monday evening.

MELISSA'S TOUR.

By GRANT ALGER.

LUCY FASTENED ON THE PROFOUND VULGARITY OF MISS EASTERBROOK'S CONCEPT.

"The girl's prettiness," she said at last, after a long, deep pause, during which I had been made to realize to the full my own utter mental and intellectual nothingness.

"IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY," I VENTURED GENTLY TO INTERPONE.

"So I gather," my wife answered, with a profound accent of contempt. To her anything that isn't done in the purest English way stands, ipso facto, self-condemned immediately.

"MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK."

I laid it down and sighed. "A New England schoolmarm!" I exclaimed with a groan. "It sounds rather terrible. A dove colored dress and a pair of gray spectacles! I fancy I can picture her to myself—a tall and bony person of a certain age, with corkscrew curls, who reads improving books and has views of her own about the fulfillment of prophecy."

"DEAR MADAM—I THANK YOU FOR YOURS AND WILL MEET YOU ON THE DAY AND HOUR YOU MENTION AT ST. PANCRAE DEPOT."

"Oh, indeed!" I exclaimed, scanning the envelope closely. "A letter from Oxford, surely. Mrs. Wade, of Christ Church—I thought I knew the hand. And she's not an American."

"WELL, LOOK FOR YOURSELF!" LUCY CRIED, AND TOSSED THE NOTE TO ME, POUTING.

I took it and read. I'm aware that I have the misfortune to be only a man, but it really didn't strike me as quite so terrible.

"DEAR MRS. HANCOCK—GEORGE HAS JUST HEARD THAT YOUR HUSBAND AND YOU ARE GOING FOR A TRIP TO NEW YORK THIS SUMMER."

"Dear Mrs. Hancock—George has just heard that your husband and you are going for a trip to New York this summer. Could you manage to do us a very great kindness? I hope you won't mind it. We have an American friend—a Miss Easterbrook, of Kansas City—niece of Professor Am P. Easterbrook, the well known Yale geologist, who very much wishes to find an escort across the Atlantic. If you would be so good as to take charge of her and deliver her safely to Dr. Horace Easterbrook, of Hoboken, on your arrival in the states, you would do a good turn to her and at the same time confer an eternal favor on yours very truly, EMILY WADE."

"IT SEEMS TO ME," I PUT IN REGARDING THE LETTER CLOSELY.

"It seems to me," I put in regarding the letter closely, "that she is merely because she was asked to find a chaperon for the girl, and she wrote the very shortest possible note, in a perfunctory way, to the very first acquaintance she chanced to hear of who was going to America."

"VERNON" MY WIFE EXCLAIMED, WITH A VERY DECIDED AIR.

"Vernon" my wife exclaimed, with a very decided air, "you men are such simpletons! You credit everybody always with the best and purest motives. But you're utterly wrong. I can see through that woman. The hateful, hateful wretch! She did it to spite me! Oh, my poor, poor boy; my dear, guileless Bernard!"

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" I ASKED AS LUCY SAT DOWN WITH A RESOLUTELY DETERMINED AIR AT HER WRITING TABLE IN THE CENNER.

"What are you doing?" I asked as Lucy sat down with a resolutely determined air at her writing table in the center. "Boing!" my wife replied, with some asperity in her tone. "Why, answering that hateful, detestable woman!"

"MY DEAR MRS. WADE—IT WAS INDEED A DELIGHT TO US TO SEE YOUR NEAT LITTLE HANDWRITING AGAIN."

"My dear Mrs. Wade—it was indeed a delight to us to see your neat little handwriting again. Nothing would give us greater pleasure, I'm sure, than to take charge of your friend, who, I'm confident, we shall find a most charming companion. Bernard will be with us, so she won't feel it dull, I trust. We hope to have a very delightful trip, and your happy thought in providing us with a traveling companion will add, no doubt, to all our enjoyment—especially Bernard's. We both join in very kindest regards to Mr. Wade and yourself, and I am ever yours most cordially, "LUCY B. HANCOCK."

MELISSA'S TOUR.

By GRANT ALGER.



I glanced over her shoulder and followed her pen as she wrote.

Lucy looked across the table at me with a face of blank horror. "Oh, Vernon," she cried, "what are we ever to do? And an American at that! This is just too ghastly!"

I laid down my coffee cup and glanced back at her in surprise. "Why, what's up?" I exclaimed, scanning the envelope closely. "A letter from Oxford, surely. Mrs. Wade, of Christ Church—I thought I knew the hand. And she's not an American."

"Well, look for yourself!" Lucy cried, and tossed the note to me, pouting. I took it and read. I'm aware that I have the misfortune to be only a man, but it really didn't strike me as quite so terrible.

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And I got on as far as Rome with them, through Germany and Switzerland, and then my money wouldn't run to it any further, so I had to go back. Traveling comes high in Europe, what with hotels and food and having to pay to get your baggage checked. And there's how I come to meet an escort."

"I'm sure you had only a good reason," I said, "to make your European tour worth while."

"That is so, sir," Melissa answered, looking up at him questioningly through those pretty gray spectacles. "I'd put away quite a little sum of my own to make this trip worth while. It was my only chance of seeing Europe and improving myself a little. I know when I started I couldn't go all the road trip with the rest of my party, but I thought I'd set out with them anyway and go ahead as long as my funds held out, and then when I was through I'd turn about and come home again."

"But you put away the money yourself?" Lucy asked, with a little start of admiring surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered gently. "I know it. I saved it."

"From your allowance?" Lucy suggested from the restricted horizon of her English point of view.

Melissa laughed a merry little laugh of amusement. "Oh, no," she said, "from my salary."

"From your salary?" Bernard put in, looking down at her with an inquiring glance.

"Yes, sir; that's it," Melissa answered, all unabashed. "You see, for four years I was a clerk in the postoffice. Just pronounced it 'clerk,' but that's a detail. 'Oh, indeed!' Bernard echoed. He was burning to know how, I could see but politeness forbade him to press Melissa on so delicate a point any further."

Melissa, however, herself supplied at once the missing information. "My father was postmaster in our city," she said simply, "under the last administration—President Hancock, you know—and he made me one of his clerks of course when he'd gotten the place, and as long as the fun went on I saved all my salary for a tour in Europe."

"And at the end of four years?" Lucy asked.

"Our party went out," Melissa put in confidentially. "So when the trouble began my father was dismissed, and I had just enough left to take me as far as Rome, as I told you."

"I was obliged to explain parenthetically, to ally Lucy's wonderment, that in America the whole personnel of every local government office changes almost completely with each incoming president."

"That's so, sir," Melissa assented, with a wise little nod. "And as I didn't think it likely our folks would get in again in a hurry—the country had enough of us—I just thought I'd make the best of my money when I'd got it."

"And you used it all up in giving yourself a holiday in Europe?" Lucy exclaimed, half reproachfully. To her economic British mind such an expenditure of capital seemed horribly wasteful.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered, all unconcerned of the faint disapproval implied in Lucy's tone. "You see, I'd never been anywhere much away from Kansas City before, and I thought this was a special opportunity to go abroad and visit the picture galleries and cathedrals of Europe, and enlarge my mind and get a little culture. To us a glimpse of Europe's an intellectual necessity."

"Oh, then, you regarded your visit as largely educational?" Bernard put in with increasing interest. Though he was a fellow and tutor of King's, I will readily admit that Bernard's personal tastes lie rather in the direction of rowing and football than of general culture; but still, the American girl's point of view decidedly attracted him by its novelty in a woman.

"That's so, sir," Melissa answered once more in her accustomed affirmative. "I took it as a sort of university trip. I graduated in Europe. In America, of course, wherever you go, all you can see everywhere just the same, purely new and American. The language, the manners, the type don't vary; in Europe you cross a frontier or a ribbon of sea, and everything's different. Now, on this trip of mine, we went first to Chester, to glimpse a typical old English town—those Rows, oh how lovely!—and then to Leamington, for Warwick castle and Kenilworth. Kenilworth's just glorious, isn't it?—with its moistering red walls and its dark green ivy, and the ghost of Amy Robert walking up and down upon the close shaven English grass plots."

"I've heard it's very beautiful," Bernard admitted gratefully.

"What! You live so close and you've never been there?" Melissa exclaimed in frank surprise.

Bernard allowed, with a smile, he had been so culpably negligent.

"And Stratford-on-Avon too?" Melissa went on enthusiastically, her black eyes beaming. "Isn't Stratford just charming? I don't care for the interminable Shakespearean nonsense, you know—that's all too new and made up. We could raise a Shakespeare house like that in Kansas City any day; but the church, and the almshouse, and the wren and the river! I made such a sweet little sketch of them all, so soft and peaceful. At least, the place itself was as sweet as a corner of heaven, and I tried as well as I could in my way to sketch it."

"I suppose it is very pretty," Bernard replied in a meditative tone.

Melissa started visibly. "What! You never been there either?" she exclaimed, taken aback. "Well, that's odd now! You live in England, and have never run over to Stratford-on-Avon! Why, you do surprise me! But there! I suppose you English live in the midst of culture, as it were, and can get to it all right away at any time, so you have, you don't think quite so much of it as we do, who have to make up our money, perhaps for years, to get the once in our lives, just a single passing glimpse of it. You live in Stratford-upon-Avon; you must be steeped in culture right down to the finger ends."

Bernard modestly suggested, twirling his neatly manicured, that the river and the rowing ground, he feared, were more in his way than art or studies there.

"And where else did you go besides England?" Lucy asked really interested.

"Well, ma'am, from London we went across by Goulet to Bruges, where I studied the Rembrandts and made a few little copies from them. Melissa answered, with her sunny curls. "It's such a quaint old place, Bruges. I've come to flow as stagnant as its own canals. Have you ever been there?"

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